A favorite Ballad,

the Words from Carlisles Specimens of

ARABIAN POETRY.

The Music Composed by

T. HAIGH.

Ent.d at Sta.s Hall

Pr. 1.s

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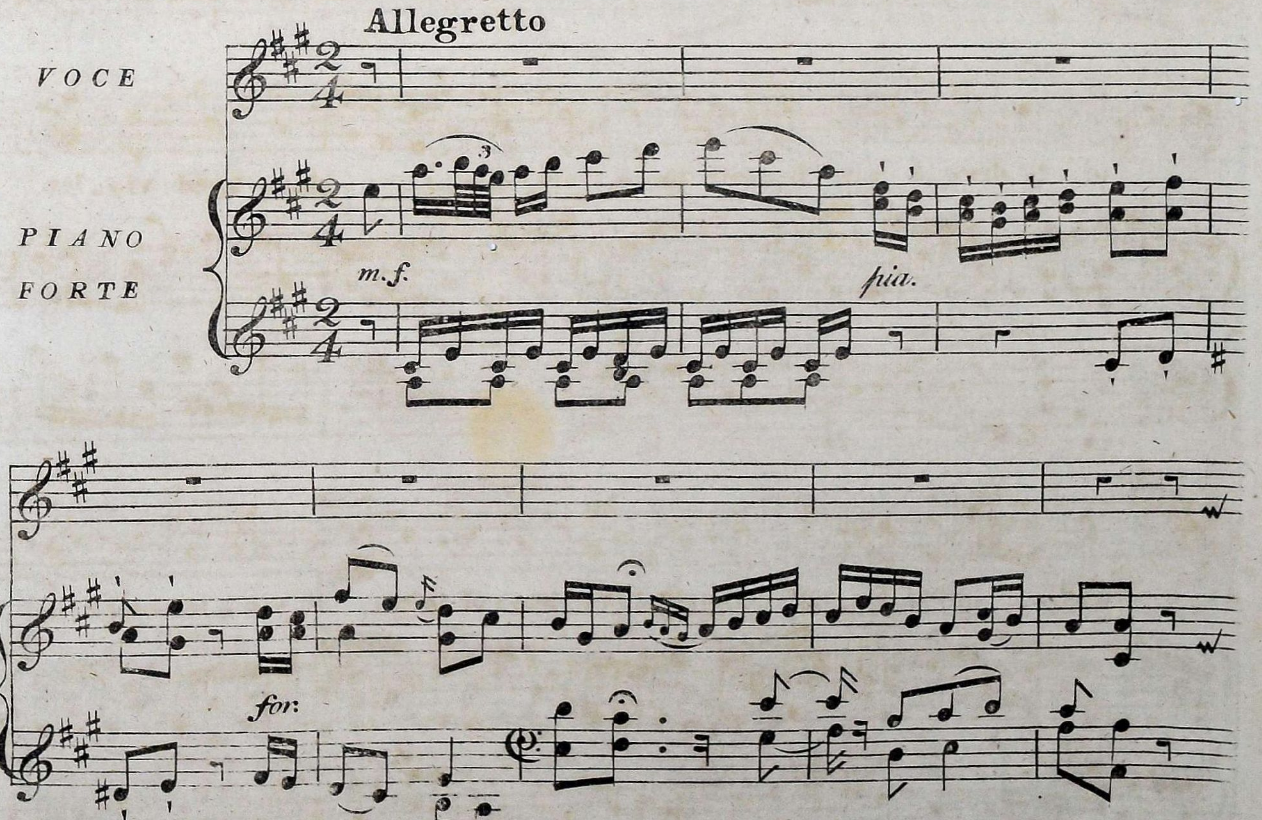
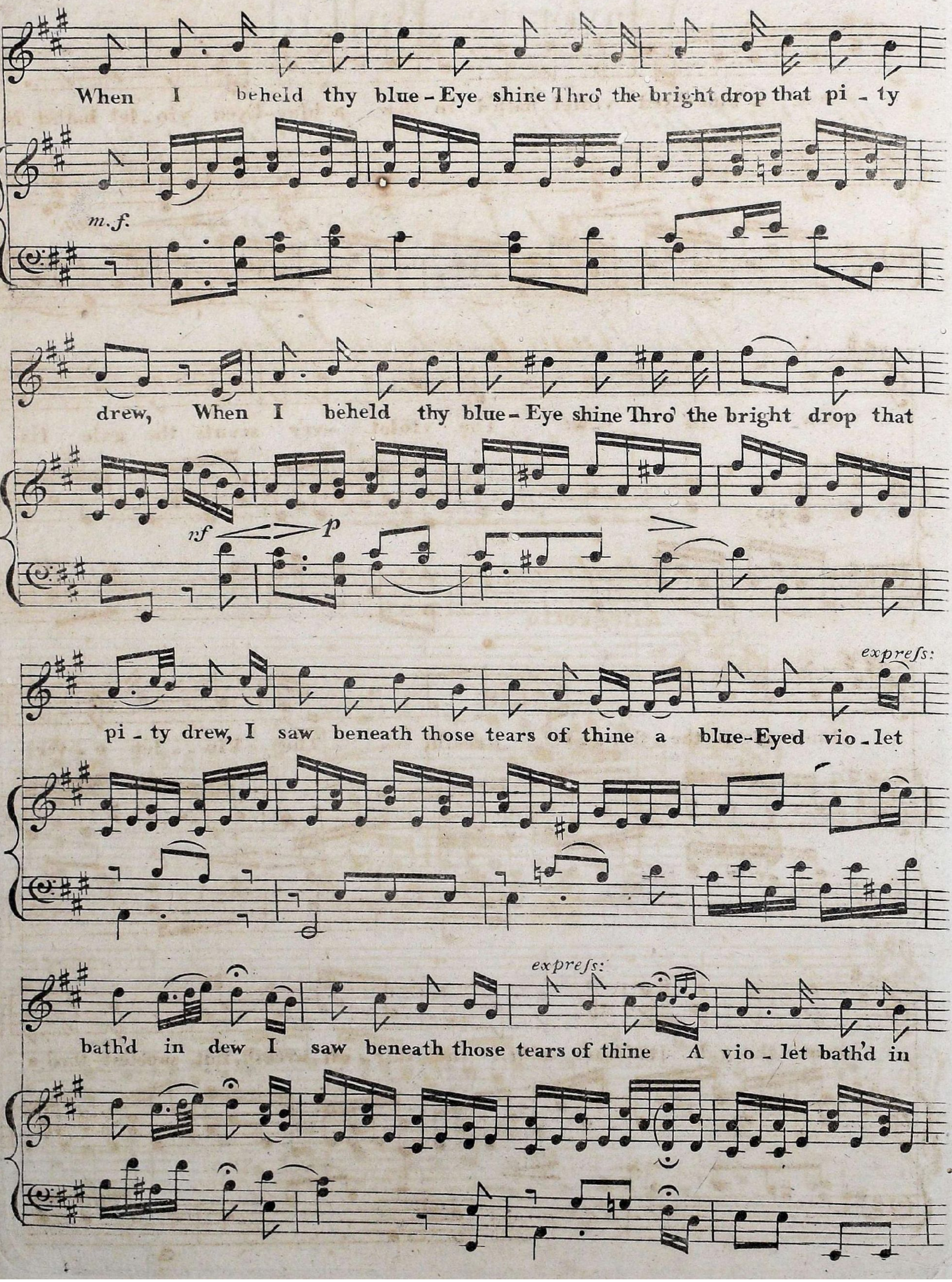
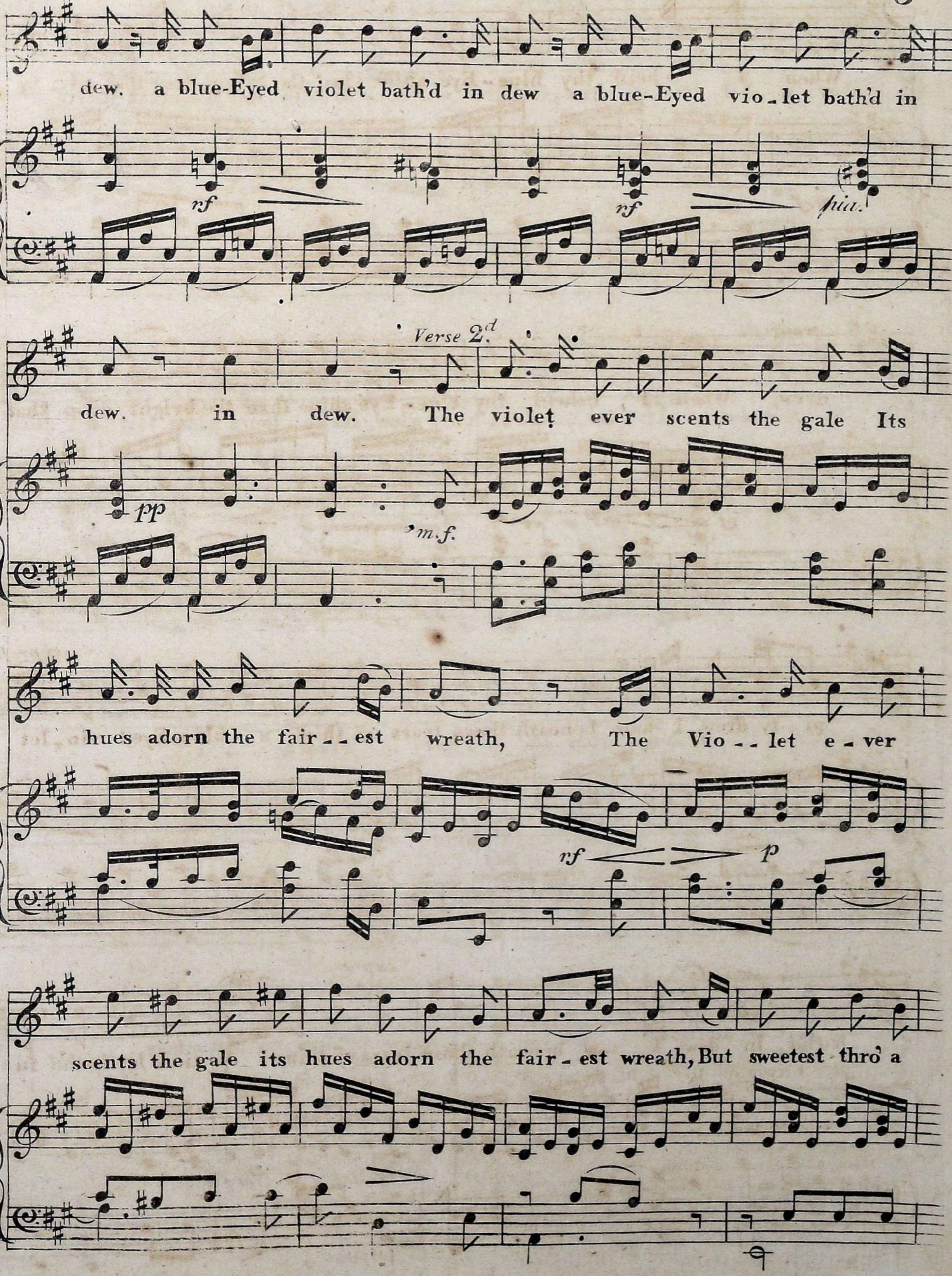
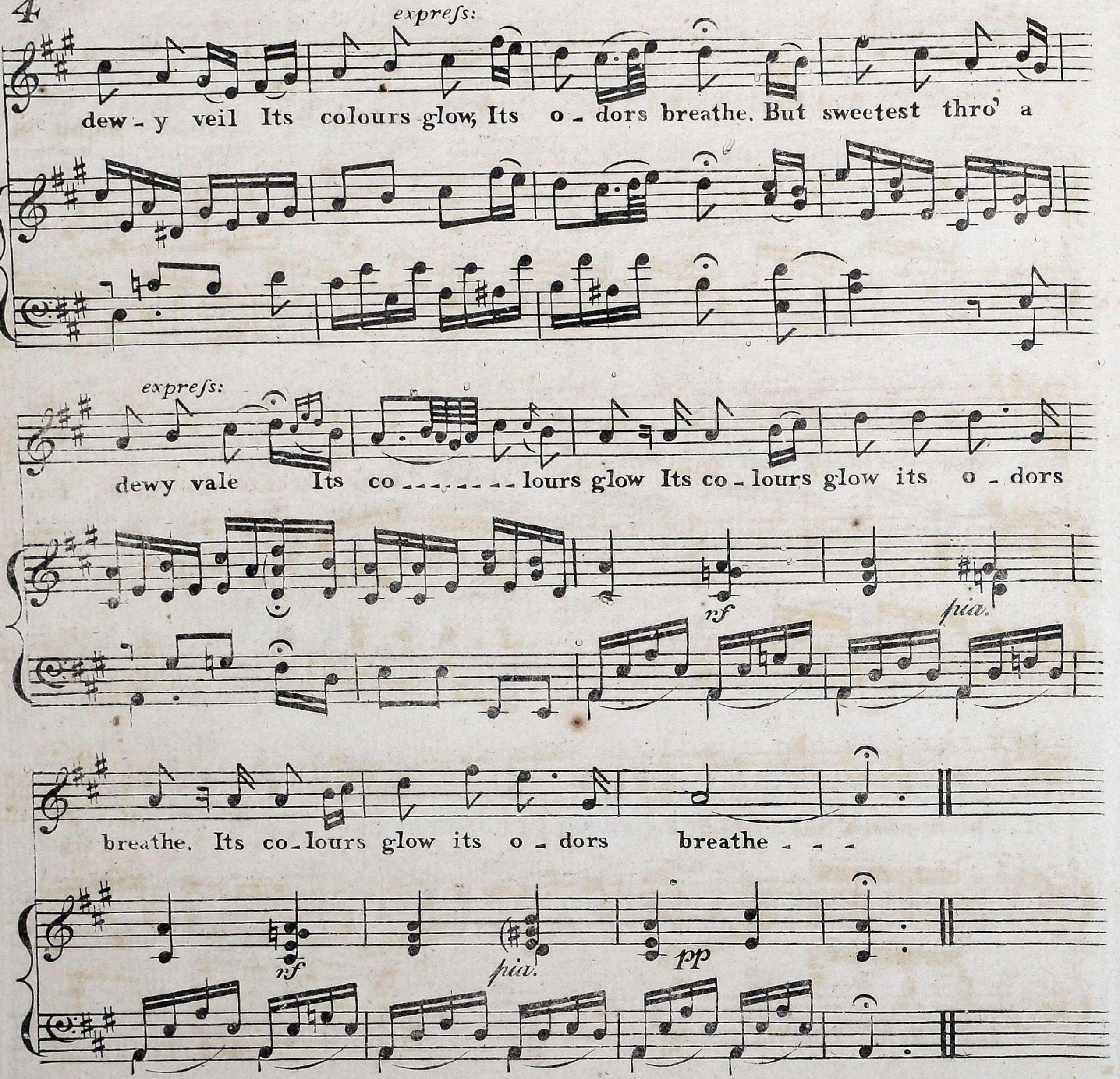


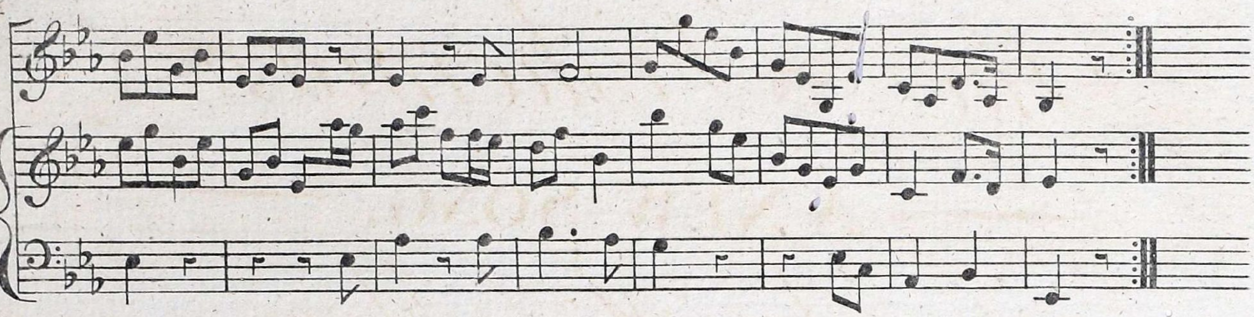

When I beheld thy blue-Eye shine Thro' the bright drop that pi-ty
m.f.
drew, When I beheld thy blue-Eye shine Thro' the bright drop that
rf
p
pi-ty drew, I saw beneath those tears of thine a blue-Eyed vio-let
express:
bath'd in dew I saw beneath those tears of thine A vio-let bath'd in
express:


dew. a blue-Eyed violet bath'd in dew a blue-Eyed vio_let bath'd in
rf
rf
pia.
dew. in dew.
Verse 2d
The violet ever scents the gale Its
pp
m.f.
hues adorn the fair_ _est wreath, The Vio_ _let e_ver
rf
p
scents the gale its hues adorn the fair_est wreath, But sweetest thro' a



Where may be had just published the following favorite Songs ——

	S D		S D
I rise with the morn	1 - 6	Ben and Mary	1 - 0
The Blue Bell of Scotland	1 - 0	Cease to blame my Melancholy	1 - 0
Rosa and Henry	1 - 0	Why busy Boy	1 - 6
Dear to a Briton the life of his King . . .	1 - 0	The Inconstant	1 - 0
The Sigh	1 - 0	Julia	1 - 0
Wully is a bonny Lad	1 - 0	Ah gentle hope	1 - 0
Poor little Adeline	1 - 0	Life let us cherish	1 - 0
Oft let me wander	2 - 0	Forget me not	1 - 0
Hearing the news the other Day	1 - 0	Crazy Henry to crazy Jane	1 - 0
Orphan Befs the Beggar-Girl	1 - 0	Thomas and Mary	1 - 6
The Grave of Love	1 - 0	Friendship	1 - 0
The Ghost at Sea	1 - 6	Ella	1 - 0
The Village Maid	1 - 0	Crazy Jane	1 - 0
The Soldier's consolation	1 - 0	When I beheld thy blue-Eye shine . . .	1 - 0



2

His friend in limbo should he find,
His wife and children brought to shame,
To every thing but kindness blind,
Jack's signs his ruin with his name

Friendship the worthy motive still,
His mind's made up come what come will;
The time comes round, by hell hounds pressed,
Goods, cloaths, and person go to rack;
But, since he succoured the distressed,
'Tis all one to Jack.

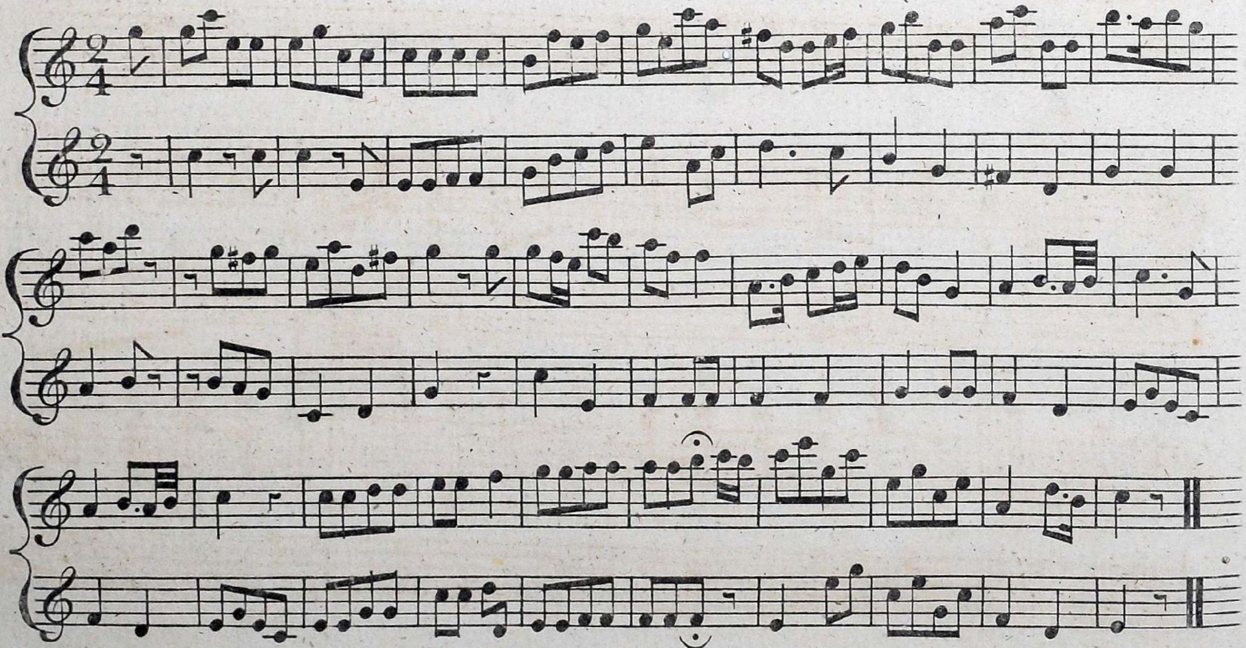
3

Once more at sea prepared to fight,
A friendly pledge, round goes the can;
And, though large odds appear in sight,
He meets the danger like a man:

Honour his guardian spirit still,
His mind's made up come what come will;
Like some fierce lion, see him go
Where horror grim marks the attack!
So he can save a drowning foe,
'Tis all one to Jack.

4

And when at last, for tars and kings
Must find in death a peaceful home,
The shot its sure commission brings
And of poor Jack the time is come;

Chearful his duty to fulfil,
His mind's made up come what come will;
The cannon's poised, from its fell Jaws
A fatal shot takes him aback;
But, since he died in honour's cause,
'Tis all one to Jack.

For two FLUTES.